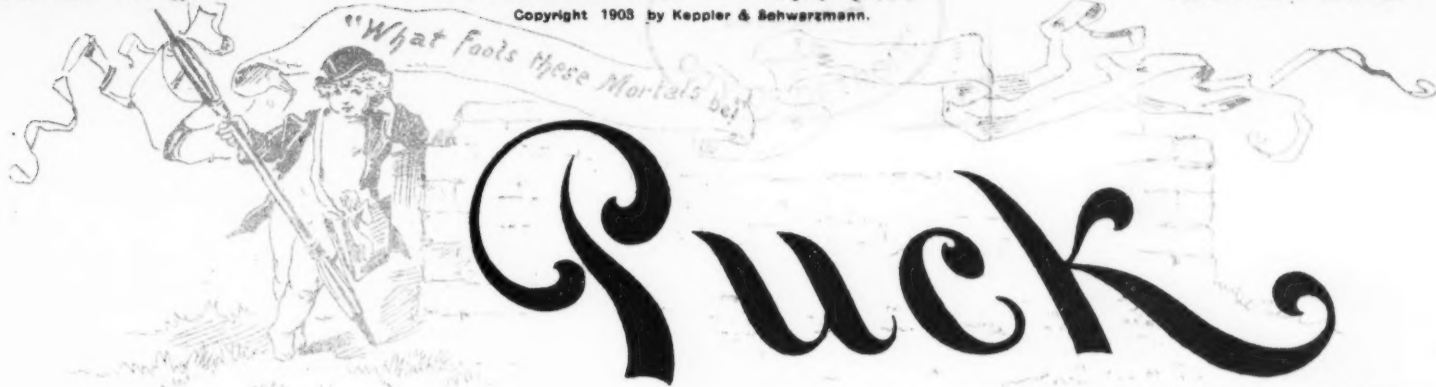


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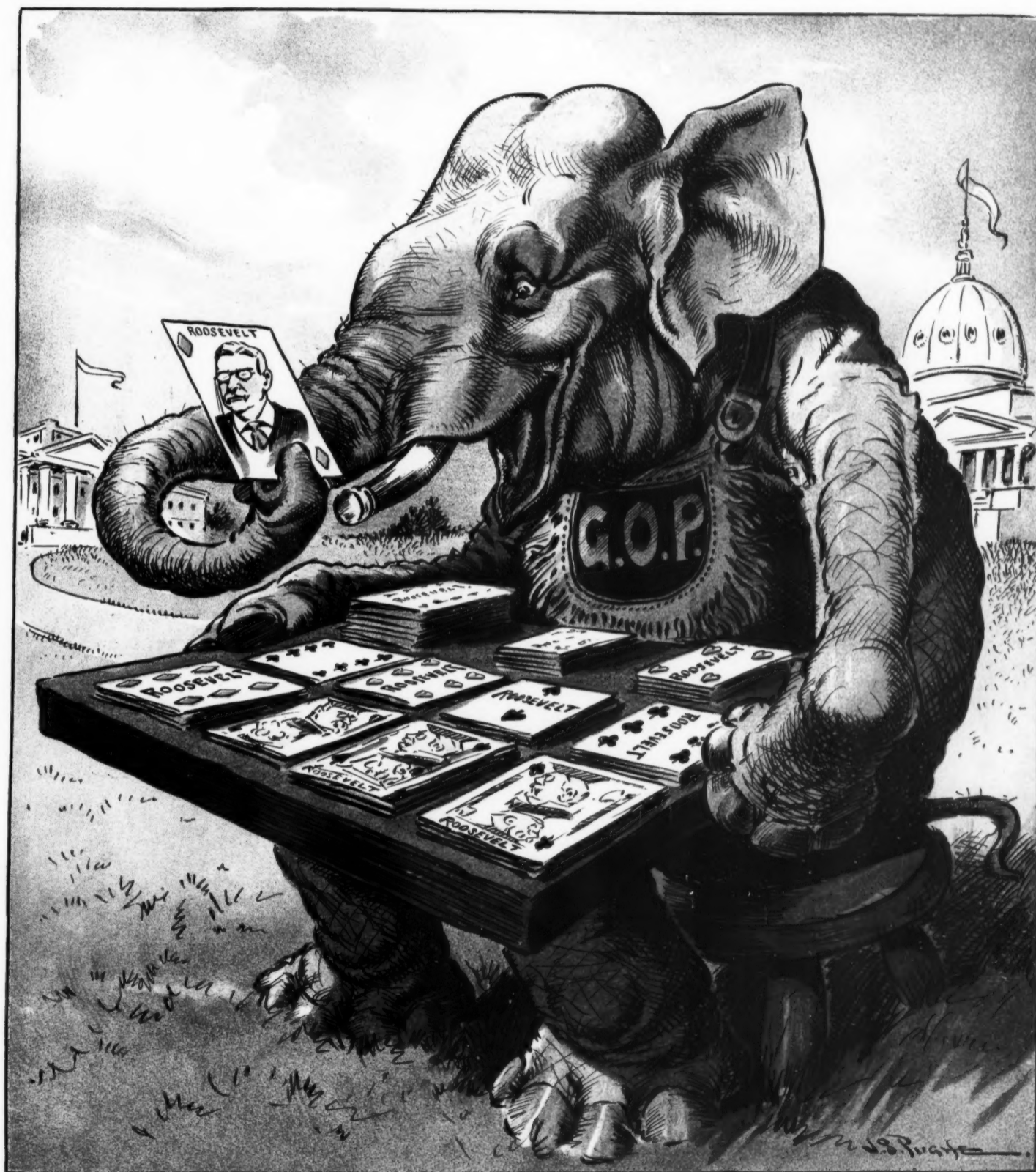
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SOLITAIRE.



FAMILY SYMPTOMS.

MR. JONES.—That young Snodgrass acts as if he was one of the family.

HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.—How so, Papa?

MR. JONES.—Why, he acts scared when your mother 's around!

A FABLE.

PROGRESSIVE Farmer once owned Three Cows. They possessed neither musical ability nor grace of locomotion. But they were approachable and gave milk. Now, this Farmer was very observant, and always kept an eye open for Number One. "Sho!" he was wont to remark, "the man who does n't raise Brains as well as Buckwheat is preparing to spend his old age in a protracted visit with his children-in-law."

Among other Things this Farmer had noticed that the later he milked his cows in the morning the more milk he got, provided they were milked at the usual time the night before. After considerable Thought he sized up the situation. "Why," said he, "all I need do is to arrange a sort of system. I will milk those cows at a regular hour each evening, and then milk them an hour later each successive morning. That is, I will perform the operation at five o'clock one morning, six o'clock the next, seven the next, and so on."

He proceeded at once to inaugurate the Idea, and was gratified each morning at an increase in the quantity of milk obtained. "Talk about your Promoters and Captains of Industry," he scornfully ejaculated. "Sho!"

There was manifest from the start a marked Falling Off in the

quantity of milk which he got in the evening. But this did n't worry him. He intended to give his attention to that phase of the matter later, when he had his system in good working order.

He carefully kept up the system and talked of "Revolutionizing Agriculture," until in just twelve days he found himself doing his Morning Milking in the Evening.

"Well, I 'll be burcussed!" he exclaimed, "if I have n't lost a Whole Day already. It won't be long before I 'll be a week behind with my milking, and milk 'll sour and spile in less time 'n that. Sho!"

And he forthwith discarded his System, and let his wife do the milking.

W. G. Brooks.

PULPIT THEATRICALS.

"I wonder the big churches are n't after him; he 's such a dramatic preacher."

"Oh, I don't know! He 'll naturally have to barn-storm quite awhile before he gets much reputation."

IN THE INSECT WORLD.

FIRST BUTTERFLY.—Is n't Miss Wings pretty?

SECOND BUTTERFLY.—Very pretty. And she was the ugliest old chrysalis I ever saw!

A SEVERE TEST.

HER FATHER (*protestingly*).—You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!

SUITOR (*magnanimously*).—I know it! And yet I love her!



ASKING TOO MUCH.

THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.—Just take an easy position now, Mr Hippo. Suppose you cross your legs and fold your arms.



AS TO SOLITUDE.

THE WIDOWER.—I think it is not good even for a widower to be alone.

RUTH.—Well, I don't know. I think a good many of them don't give it a fair trial.



THE HARBOR SWIMMER.

AS-PE-LIKE he shins the soggy line astern
Some dark, abandoned barge of time ago.
With pulsing heart and dripping skin aglow
He waits the great white river boat to turn;
Waits for the first foam ribbon of her churn,
And then dives deep into the milky flow.
Down! down! into the very depths below
Where wide-eyed crabs and yellow eels sojourn.

He knows naught of the misty, rill-fed pools
Where dreamlights dance through all the Summer-time;
Of brown, bucolic boys, thick in rich furrow grime
Who swim among the darting minnow schools.
But he knows the craft, the sidewheel, the screw,
And dreads but one—the boat with brass and blue.

Victor A. Hermann.

FASTING.

The pious Brahmin was radiant with joy.
"Once," he exclaimed, "I ate nothing, week after week,
and thought I had done all possible to save my soul! I never
dreamed, then, it would one day be vouchsafed me to eat less
than nothing."
Hereupon, in a transport of asceticism, he opened and devoured
another package of patent breakfast food.

LET OUT.

"How did Pusher come to lose his job? I thought he was so
interested in his work that he was fired with enthusiasm."
"He was, and that's what happened to him."

IN THE Millennium, supposedly, strong men will make their dumb-
bells into buck-saws and their Indian clubs into carpet-beaters.



GOOD LIVING, TOO.

FARMER CORNCRIBB.—I seen a feller eat tacks and broken bottles
in a New York museum.

FARMER HAYRAKE.—That 's nothin' 'tall! I seen a big, fat,
healthy man in New York once that lived on gold bricks and sawdust.

It is easier to be generous than to be just; to give up when you know
you're right than when you know you're wrong.

THE WOMAN WHO SPOILS.

BY THE TWO VAN WORST.



HAVING angered the employees of pickle factories, shoe factories, etc., until we were afraid to apply for another job, we tackled another class of toilers. First we were hired as stenographers in the office of a multi-millionaire who is trying to give away all his money before he dies. His employees are betting that he loses the race. And those employees are a downtrodden lot. The first day we scraped acquaintance with a young clerk who looked as if the hours, from ten to two, were killing him. He said he had received only one thousand dollars from the "old man" last Christmas, when he had been ordering clothes and things in the expectation of getting five times that amount. He was forced to take to poker to make both ends meet, and he did not think he could last till the Summer vacation, as he was in miserable luck. The stenographers, too, were in a state of revolt, as they had just been requested not to chew gum during business hours. During the two-hours that were grudgingly allowed the girls for lunch, one of the poor creatures informed me that often she had to slave at the typewriter keys when Hackett or Faversham was playing a matinee, and that sometimes she thought she would give way under the strain.

The "old man," however, was even worse off than his employees. It seems he had a fad of giving grand pianos to Sunday-schools, on condition that his name appear in gilt letters, six inches high, on every piano. Some of the schools had begun to put the name on the back of the sounding board, where nobody could see it, and this was driving the philanthropist almost crazy. Others were insisting that no pianos would be accepted unless it was guaranteed that they were to be kept in tune, and this was giving him no small annoyance. He confided to us that he thought seriously of giving up his entire scheme of distributing wealth, and of retiring to a ten-million dollar castle in Scotland and leaving all his money to the Sardine Canner's union. But we told him that it did n't seem to make much difference to the world whether he gave his money away personally or someone else did it after he was dead, which seemed to make him more unhappy.

Quitting the philanthropist, after we had secured enough notes for two books and several Sunday newspaper articles, we engaged as maids in the household of Mrs. Beaumont Gusher. Anybody who thinks this lady is having a good time is mistaken. She told us, in tearful confidence, that sometimes her picture was n't in more than three or four Sunday supplements, and that occasionally not a minister preached a denunciatory sermon after she had given a monkey dinner. She had been under the impression that society is as bad as it is painted, and she was grieved to find that it is not. We quit her without notice, after finding that she was perfectly miserable and that she would make good "copy."

Very soon we are going to write a long letter to the President, showing him conclusively why bank clerks should have more holidays. We think we will get an answer that will prove even better advertising than the one on the race suicide question. At any rate, it is worth trying for.

Arthur Chapman.



HOW HE LOOKED.

THE TOUGH BOY.—Wot 's yer name, kid?

THE GOOD BOY.—Homer!

THE TOUGH BOY.—Homer, eh? Gee! Yer look like a foul bunt!

DISILLUSIONMENT.

The disillusionment came soon enough. One night she woke me.

"Burglars!" she whispered, terrifiedly.

But when I rose, as deliberately as possible, and started downstairs, she did not in the least cling to me and prevent me.

It was with a bitter sneer in my heart that I recalled how very womanly I had thought her.

IRRESISTIBLE.

MADGE.—Why did she give up physical culture?

MARJORIE.—Somebody told her she looked lovely when she wore a straight-front corset and bent over.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"Confidence in oneself is half the battle of life."

"And the other half?"

"Fooling other people."

STREET SIGN IN 1920.

Restaurant.

Cheapest lunch in the city.

Proteids 16 cents an ounce. Carbohydrates 10 cents.

Big ounces. Fats free with every order of 25 cents.



AMONG FRIENDS.

GLADYS.—Oh, yes, I refused him. I want a man who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom.

EDITH.—But, my dear, he would have very soon filled that bill, if you had accepted him.



A POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.

HE.—A time-table reminds me of certain kinds of poetry
SHE.—That 's queer. I should consider it quite prosaic.
HE.—Yes; but I 'm never quite certain that I understand it.



THE FRUIT OF CULTURE.

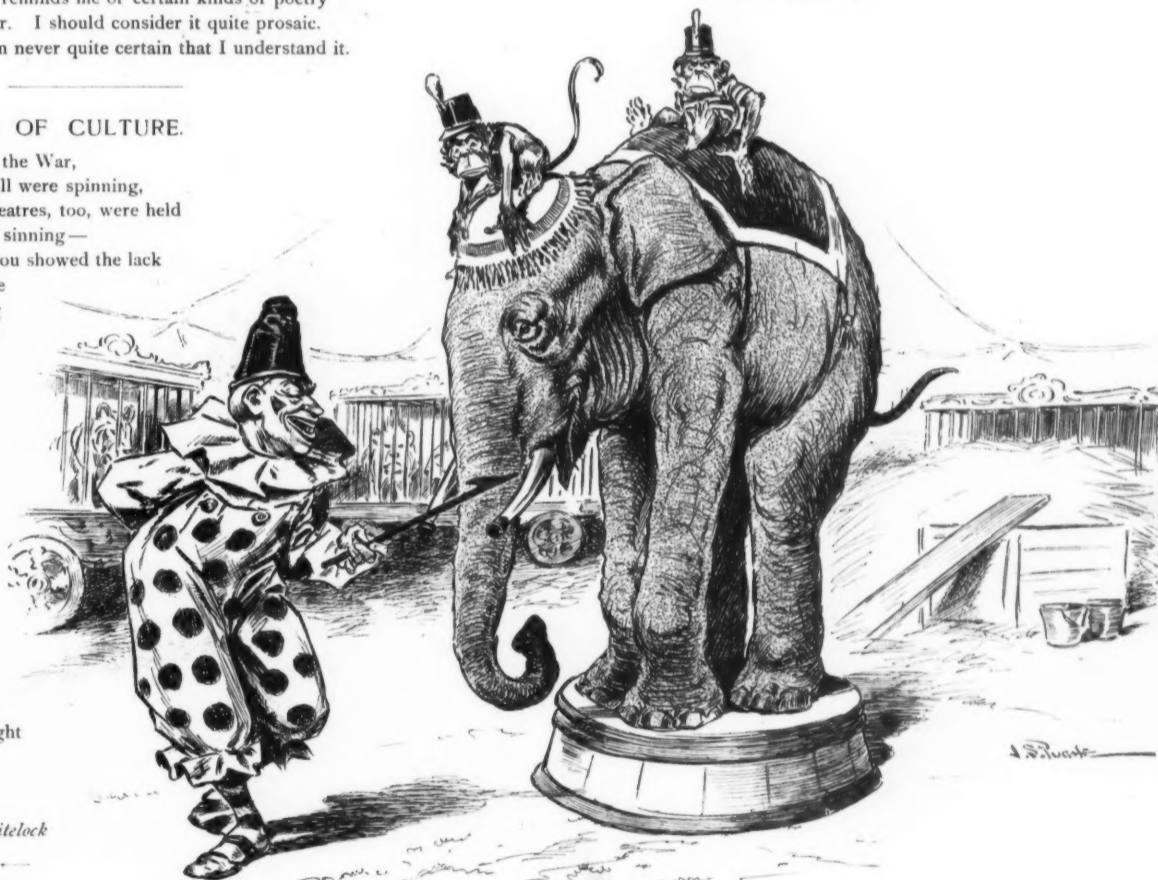
IN AGES rude, before the War,
When ladies still were spinning,
And cards and theatres, too, were held
The n. p. u. of sinning—
If in those days you showed the lack
Of proper sense
and feeling
To use another writer's
thoughts,
They bluntly called it *stealing*.
But later on when we had gained
A higher plane of living,
And of our brother's failings grown
More lenient and forgiving—
If then you used another's verse,
Tale, thought or witticism,
It was no longer stealing, but
A case of *plagiarism*.

And now in this most cultured age
Of indirection gracious,
When thieves are *kleptomaniacs*,
And liars styled *mendacious*—
If now you print another's thought
And give it to the Nation,
The critics all explain it as
Unconscious cerebration.

William Wallace Whitelock

NO CHANGE.

"She refused him eight times before finally
saying 'yes.'"
"Why did she change her mind?"
"She did n't. She was merely learning if he would
change his.



UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

THE MONKEY.—And that wretch of a clown is laughing as if it were funny!
HIS BROTHER.—Well, that 's what they keep him here for; to laugh at things
as if they were funny.

ENDS.

Naturally, the people having a tendency
to believe everything they saw in print, and
being intense withal, it was not many years
until everybody had about as much muscle
as the man depicted in the average physical
culture advertisement.

That is to say, most everybody was too
strong to work.

But as luck would have it, the secret of
life was discovered about this time, and
protoplasmic cells being put up in handy
tabloid form, it was practically impossible
for anybody to starve to death.

This shows how nicely the various ends
of Providence are adjusted, one to another.

MANAGERS.

The bills they get for costumes though
Enormous, do not scare 'em,
For the more they pay for gowns the less
It costs for girls to wear 'em.

HER SPECIAL PRIDE.

TED.—What was that bad break Cholly
made?

NED.—He met Miss Cleek in the street
with her bundle of golf clubs and asked her
to let him carry them.

SHIRT-SLEEVES diplomacy is hardly the last
phase. If equal suffrage is coming on as
fast as some say, shirt-waist diplomacy
can't be far off.

Whatever the future has in store for us, we have to take it; we can't
go to some other store.

PUCK



AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY.

NAN.— Is there any infallible cure for sea-sickness?

TOM.— Oh, yes; when you feel the symptoms coming on, all you have to do is to go out and sit under a tree. You will very soon recover.

Facts are stubborn things but they meet their match when they run up against the confirmed optimist.



PUCK

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING A LOFTY PURPOSE.

AS THE next Democratic convention comes gradually within hailing distance, it occurs to certain just and temperate persons that Bryan and his faithful *ites* may be undeservedly persecuted. It is true that instead of escorting themselves to the background and cataloguing the platforms of Chicago and Kansas City as political blunders, they espouse both with an ever increasing vigor. But it is also true that a subtle motive may underlie such espousal; a motive of which the promptings are exceedingly noble and unselfish. Bryan and his *ites* have been accused repeatedly of stubbornness. And on that account, critics have harshly handled them. They have suffered, though not in silence. What would these critics say if, the opposite of stubborn adherence, it were shown that Bryan and his *ites* were really the basest deserters from the Kansas City platform and secretly the most rabid of clamorers for a reformed Democracy? Doubtless incredulity would punctuate their comments; but the thing is by no means impossible. We know it on the best of authority that of all ways to have an obnoxious law repealed, the quickest and surest is to enforce it rigidly. It then becomes so unbearably obnoxious that repeal and repudiation follow naturally. That this is applicable to platforms as well as to laws seems thoroughly plausible. Which accounts then for the rapidly expanding suspicion of Bryan's generous purpose. He continues to boom the Chicago and Kansas City platforms and to brave the abuse which such a course invites because he sees therein the quickest, surest means of supplanting them with something serviceable. In any event, fair-minded ones will give him the benefit of the doubt; doubt having placed so few benefits at the Colonel's disposal.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

ANOTHER proposed plan has been added to the list. This time it is a gorgeous project, providing for nothing less than a reformed City Hall park and Brooklyn Bridge approach. It provides also for a majestic campanile, forty-three stories in height, a new municipal building, a new court house and some effective landscape gardening where the Post Office now stands. Of the strides made in the art of proposing plans, it is altogether an impressive illustration. New York deserves to be, and hereby is, congratulated on its creation, for being the foremost city in the western hemisphere, the best obtainable in the line of proposed plans is none too fine for it. It is an ever fascinating thought, the heights of beauty to which our cities would mount were all the plans proposed for their adornment to become carved and frescoed realities. While, on the other hand, it is a sad and gloomy reflection, the depths of woe to which the trusting citizen is plunged who builds or buys near the site of a proposed park, plaza or other public ornament. Brick walls never gleam so hot as where a proposed park was to be. And real estate nowhere falls lower than where a bridge was to come — but did n't. Those, therefore, who would rent suites on the forty-third

floor of the Lindenthal campanile are advised to consult an oracle before signing a lease.

THAT IDEA IN IOWA.

THE IOWA IDEA, in its final shape, was not such an original idea after all. As expressed in the Republican platform of that state, it bore a close resemblance to other ideas, in no sense so extensively advertised. At the outset, when word was brought that Iowa had a brand new notion, the stir it created was fully warranted. In a declaration on the tariff, it broke boldly away from glitterless generalities and courted the society of facts. Any modification of schedules which would prevent the tariff from shielding monopoly, Iowa Republicans staunchly advocated. And their's, indeed, was a brilliant idea. Now, another convention has been held in Iowa and the idea of yesterday is ditched by the compromise of to-day. The glitterless generalities return and Iowa has an idea that "duties which are too low should be increased and duties which are too high should be reduced." Conservatism is always commendable but no harm would have been done had Iowa gone even further than this and declared, with puritanical firmness, that good men should be rewarded in this life and bad men punished. Or that restaurant dishes which satisfy us should be eaten, while those which do not should be sent back. There is, in short, a suggestion of the commonplace about Iowa's idea. As for the compromise, it was not a compromise at all. It was a complete surrender.

BY REFLEX ACTION.

FARMER MOSSBACKER.—What's William Jennin's Bryan doin' now?

FARMER BENTOVER.—Helpin' to elect the next Republican president.

HE WAS FITTED.

"You say that in college you specially fitted yourself for Wall Street business," said the broker to an applicant for a situation.

"Yes, sir."

"That's odd. I did n't know colleges could be of much use in our line. What special study did you devote yourself to?"

"Hydraulic engineering."

It is significant that few women's hats seem to be designed for a level head.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

MAGGIE.—I t'ought you said yer did n't care fer playin' ring-a-rosey, Petey?

PETEY.—Aw, dat wuz when me sisters wanted me to play!



J. OTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

SAFE IN DANGEROUS

Puck.—The real American girl is too clever



DANGEROUS WATERS.
American girl is too clever to be wrecked here.

THWARTED.



EVER BEFORE had young millionaire Trustbun felt his inferiority so much as when he entered the home of Walking Delegate Von Murphy.

"Is Miss Von Murphy at home?" he asked almost timidly of the head functionary.

"Your card."

Trustbun laid his card upon the anthracite tray. What would the answer be?

Pauline Von Murphy, tall and stately, soon entered the room. Her proud form and patrician features showed but too plainly that for generations back her ancestors had never done any work.

"Be seated," she said, haughtily; "you wish—?"

"Your hand," broke in Trustbun. "I am at the head, as you know, of fourteen syndicates, own a whole train of automobiles, a yacht, several feet of real estate on lower Broadway and buy my theatre tickets of speculators. Will you be mine?"

Pauline pursed up her lips. Even her teeth showed money, hence the purse.

"You work for a living!" she said, hesitatingly.

Appreciating keenly his disgrace, the young millionaire shivered.

"Would it not be possible," he faltered, "for you to marry beneath you once, Pauline, just once—just this time?"

The brow of the young girl contracted. Her face grew hard and cruel. She had inherited her father's rich, passionate, ambitious nature.

"No Von Murphy," she said, "has ever married beneath her. Still—"

In some respects, perhaps, such an alliance might do. She would not, at any rate, be in a hurry to dismiss him.

"Would you," she said, "be willing to give up your present associations, leave the nervous, highly wrought life of toil that, as the



A BASIS FOR CALCULATION.

JOSH.—I don't suppose them artists make very much.

HIRAM.—Well, what can they expect? When ye can buy all the landscape ye want for fifty dollars an acre, what ought a picter of it be wuth?

head of so many syndicates is imposed upon you and settle down to the calm, peaceful, luxurious life of the husband of a walking delegate's daughter?"

"On one condition."

Young Trustbun, much as he loved this young girl, felt that in a measure his honor was at stake. Besides, he too was ambitious.

"Name it!"

He looked at her firmly. Even if he lost, he felt that he must be true to himself.

"It is this," he said. "That when I am your husband, the regular legal son-in-law of your father, I may have something to say about running the affairs of this country."

She turned upon him a cold haughty gaze and pointed to the door.

"Never!" she said, icily.

"That, sir, is a matter which belongs exclusively in my own set."

Tom Masson.

PARTIAL RELIEF.

"Aw, no!" said the landlord of the hotel at Boomopolis, Kansas, in reply to the inquiry of the information-hungry tourist from New England. "A cyclone ain't anything so very terrible—that is, if you're located in a good, deep cave-cellar, with a jug of something red to be taken as a tonic durin' the storm."

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

"Pa, what do they mean by 'the flower of the family?'"

"A blooming nuisance, usually!"



AT LEAST.

RACHEL.—Den you t'ink der world owes efery man a living?

MEIER.—Vell, I t'ink it owes him a chance to make an assignment.



THE BATHING SUIT.

'T is now the Summer Maiden
A paradox may claim;
Her long suit and her short one
Are really both the same.

WHEN we do assume the responsibility of being our brother's keeper we are inclined to be a little too free with the use of the ankus.

When politics makes strange bedfellows, both of them lose lots of sleep for fear the other will get up first.

THE PALM-LEAF FAN.



WHEN the weather 's down to zero
And you watch the husky hero
From your seat in C or D row
Go his mad and killing pace,
If the heat 's enough to try you—
Ventilation lacking!—why you
May delight the lady by you
With a toy of silk and lace.
But when Reverend Smithers wordily
Dwells insistently, absurdly,—
Firstly, Secondly and Thirdly!—
On your harmless little sins,
While Sol sizzles all creation
And the drowsy congregation
Gets a foretaste of d—n—t—n,
Then the good old palm-leaf wins!

In the welcome intermission
When ('t is fancy's repetition)
You 're once more in waltz position
Gazing on your lady's lips;
Or if on the moonlit, merry,
Lawn you rest (she 's tired, very!)
You may wield a light and airy
Fan of creamy ostrich tips.
But when August glares and parches,
When a source of torture starch is,
And you wish a dozen Marches
Might come blowing from their graves,
If you have a hammock, and a
Few square feet of screened verandah,
And can fly from your Uganda
Then the good old palm-leaf waves!

When a Social Hall 's in session
And it seems no indiscretion
As a kind of mild digression
To stir up a little breeze;
If she 's not afraid to "see things"—
Dragons and all sorts of T things!—
You may flirt one of those wee things,
Queerly, quaintly Japanese.
But suppose Chloise receives you
Tête-a-tête, and quick relieves you
When you tell the doubt that grieves you?
If mere conversation wanes
And a kiss becomes the topic,
(And her chaperon 's myopic!)
Be the weather chill or tropic,
Then the good old palm-leaf reigns!

Edward W. Barnard.

THE REAL QUESTION.

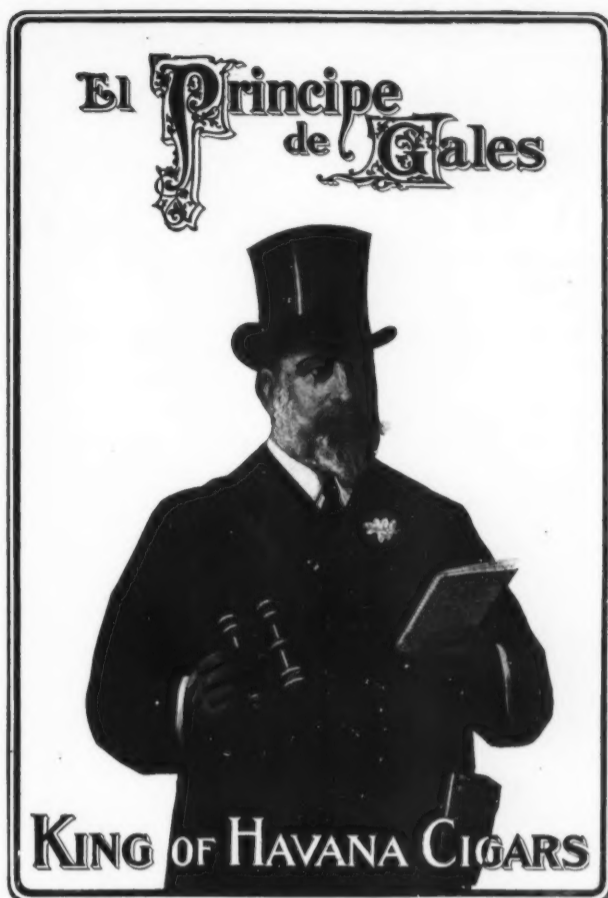
"I wish to marry your daughter," said the young man.
The old man was a sensible old man.
"Can I support you in the style to which you have been accustomed?" he asked.

BETWEEN TIPS on the races and tips to the waiters a man does n't have to be very active to keep broke.



THE PROSPECT.

THE NATIVE.—Golly! I 'll never get out of this!
THE TIGER.—Oh, you 'll get out of that all right,
but you 'll get into this!



MORE STYLISH.

ISORA.—Your name is so curious.

AZILE.—Yes; I 'm named for my rich aunt, Eliza; but I turn it hindside before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EASILY INFALLIBLE.

ARMY SURGEON.—So you 're an immune, eh? What 's your record?

RECRUIT.—Seven different kinds of health and—

ARMY SURGEON.—Passed!—*N. Y. Times.*

A DISTINGUISHING TITLE.

"How did he get his title of colonel?"

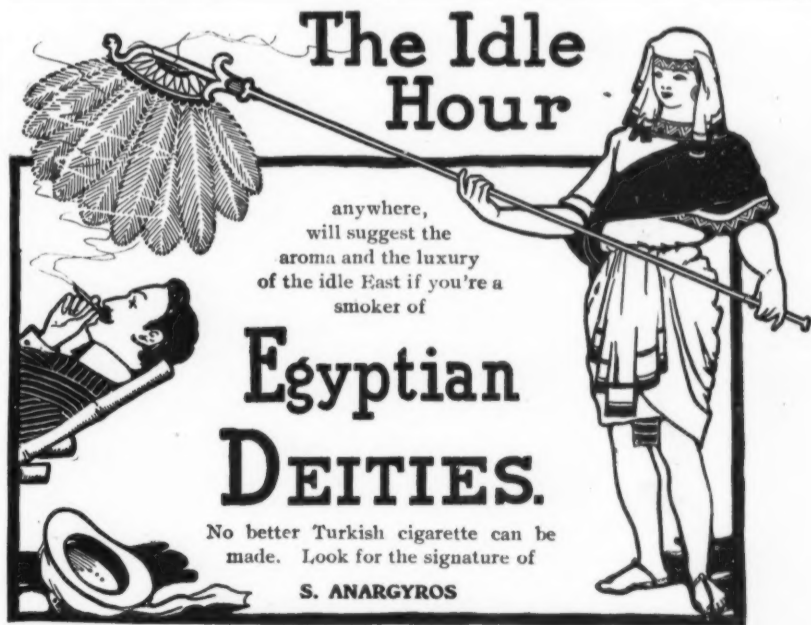
"He got it to distinguish him from his wife's first husband who was a captain, and his wife's second husband who was a major."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"It 's against the law to shoot off fireworks before the Fourth of July, my boy," remarked the observing man, sternly.

"Wot 's de law got ter say agin patriotism, anyhow?" jabbered the annoyed stripling.—*Yonkers Herald.*

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.—What have you got in the way of fruit, this morning, Grocer?

GROCER (*misunderstanding*).—Oh, a couple of boxes of soap, sir; but I can easily remove 'em.—*Columbia Jester.*



"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New
York.

NOTHING looks as forlorn as a man waiting
at a drygoods store.—*Wash. Democrat.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful,
smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails,
and instantly takes the sting out of corns and
bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of
the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new
shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweat-
ing, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it
to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By
mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE.
Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Bunner's Short Stories

Illustrated.

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read
while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continu-
ation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A
Story of Small Stories.

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales
Retold with a United States Twist.

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Notes and Comments on his Simple Life.

In Paper, 50c.—PRICE—In Cloth, \$1.00.

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receipt of price.

Address, PUCK, New York

RISKY.

"Don't you think it would be a good
idea to denounce the trusts?"

"What's the use?" said Senator
Sorghum. "The public would n't be-
lieve a word of it, and some of the
trusts might take it in earnest and be
annoyed."—*Washington Star.*

THERE is no opportunity to read
the proofs of life.—*Ram's Horn.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

I hev watched myself purty clus fur de last twenty y'ars an' I hev dis-
kibered dat whenever I wanted to do up anybody I allus did it under kiver of
humanity or reform.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MATTER OF PRIDE.

"Why do you hesitate about accepting the position of king?" asked the
citizen of a turbulent monarchy.

"I want to take time to consult a phrenologist. I don't want to run the
risk of having derogatory remarks made about my mental capacity after the
autopsy."—*Washington Star.*

ONE proverb in the Down East States

Hath this interpretation:

"He cachinnates best who cachinnates
The ultimate cachinnation."

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



THE RATIO.

"A penny saved means a penny earned."

"Not when a chap's married—then a penny saved means that he's earned
about fifty dollars."

TOP-NOTCH.

"But," persisted the St. Louis woman who had the shopping habit, "the
firm declares in its advertisement that it only asks a fair price for its goods."

"Exactly," replied her husband; "by which it means a 'World's Fair' price."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

IN DOUBT.

"Does n't your son Josh use a great deal of slang?"

"I'm afraid he does," answered Farmer Cornloss. "But me an' Mandy
dasn't correct him, 'cause we can't be sure whether some o' them words is slang
or expressions he got out o' the classics."—*Washington Star.*

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The man of the world seeks
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own personal cheer, comfort
and hospitality.

The physician needs
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The perfect
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PITTSBURG, PA.

**BOTTLED
IN BOND**



THOSE GIRLS AGAIN.

MAY.—He's awfully nerry. He tried his best to find out how old I am.

FAY.—Yes, he admitted that to me.

MAY.—And just for fun I told him I was thirty-four. Did he tell you that?

FAY.—No; but he did say you were the most truthful girl he had ever met.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

A DIFFICULT TASK.

TRAMP.—You has purty easy times—nothin' to do but stand here sellin' lead pencils.

PENCIL PEDDLER.—Think it's easy, do yeh? Don't you know people won't buy pencils of a feller on th' street unless he looks starved an' dejected an' despairin'?

"That's easy."

"T ain't easy to look that way right along, w'en y'r rakin' in four dollars a day."—*New York Weekly.*

"SOME men could be mighty useful in a perfession," said Uncle Eben, "if dey'd put as much study in it as dey does on bookmakers' odds an' de previous performances of horses."—*Washington Star.*

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EASE AND COMFORT

We all like a good share of both. The greatest ease and comfort and luxury in shaving, are only obtainable by using Williams' Shaving Stick. No cup, just the shaving stick and brush. One stick affords 300 shaves.

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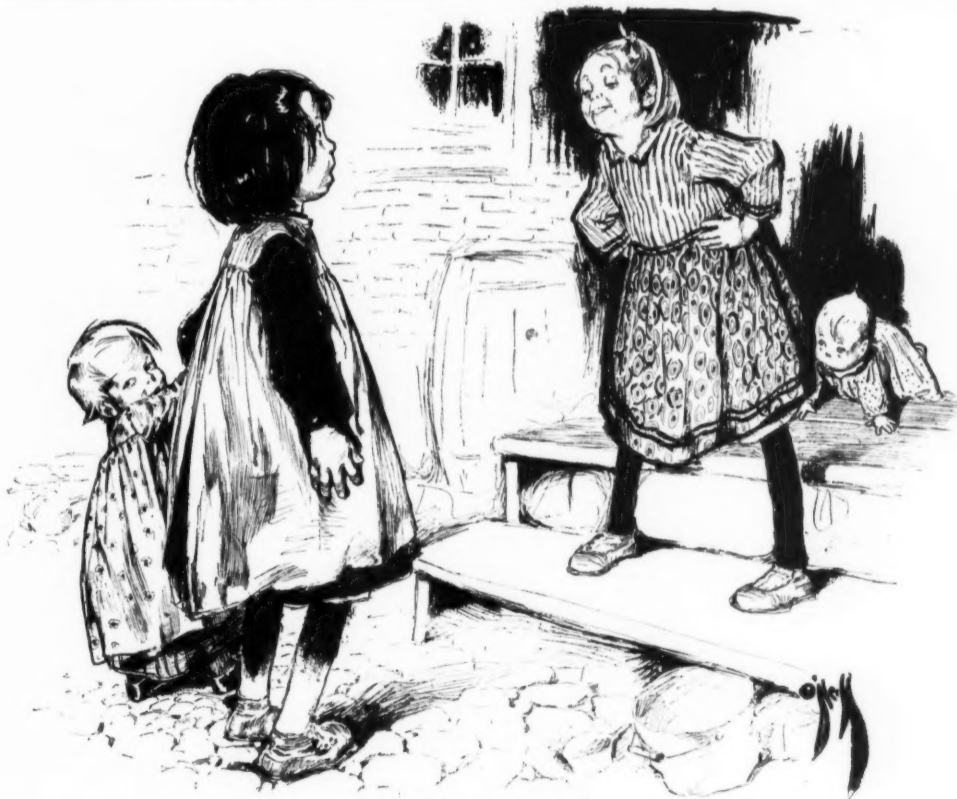
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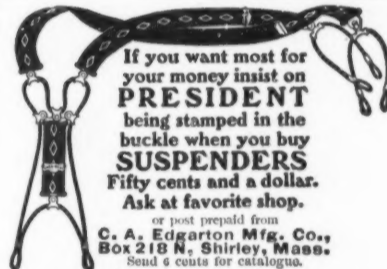
PAINFUL NECESSITY.

"Oh, I don't believe in spendin' me hull time mindin' kids!"

"Well, neider do I; but I've gotter mind me mudder!"

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

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We send our own buyers there every year to get the best that are grown, and we pay for them twice what common hops cost.

A partner in our business buys our barley, and selects the best from all.

We get our water from six wells, bored to rock.

Our yeast is all developed from the original mother cells which helped make Schlitz Beer famous.

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We sterilize every bottle.

Yet Schlitz Beer costs only common beer prices

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

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Luxurious Writing!

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Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

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TRUMP.—Some big politicians seem to have had a hand in the postal frauds, it would appear, from reports.

CHUMP.—That's what you might term a mailed fist, is n't it?—*Yonkers Herald.*

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

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IMPRUDENT.

"Don't you think Cholly's engagement is a mistake?"

"Oh, yes! The girl has n't money enough to support Cholly."

DOUBLE DEALING.

CLARA.—Pa, George says he is n't half good enough to be my husband.

PA.—Humph! He talked to me as if he was plenty good enough to have me for a father-in-law.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOT IN HIS LINE.

MISS GUSH.—Oh, Mr. Sappy, why were n't you up on the hill to see the sunset? It was simply perfect.

CHOLLY SAPPY.—Yaas; sent my man up to do it for me. He undahstands that soht of thing so much bettah, y' know.—*Philadelphia Press.*

WILLING TO TRY AGAIN.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "are you going to bet on the yacht race?"

"I don't know. Have you any objections?"

"No. I believe I should try it if I were you. They say that every one has his specialty, and after your experience with horses and cards I have come to the conclusion that yours is probably yachts."—*Washington Star.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

A rod, a line, a pipe,
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"ALL dat education does foh some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is to learn 'em a few mo' words to talk foolishness wif."—*Washington Star*.

REASON FOR IT.

NELL.—You boys seem to fairly adore that pretty manicurist.

TOM.—Well, she is "the divinity that shapes our ends."—*Phila. Press*.

SHE.—I wonder why they call these vehicles "traps."

HE.—Perhaps it's 'cause so many fellahs get engaged in them.—*Boston Post*.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Is Successfully Employed by the Profession in the Treatment of Inflammation of the Bladder, Albuminuria, Bright's Disease and Uric Acid Conditions. The Long Experience and Many Carefully Conducted Experiments of these Eminent Medical Men Entitle their Opinions to Consideration.

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"But what 's de good of it? It don't make no difference when you git up, does it?"

"No; but it 's mighty comfortable to hear an alarm clock goin' off an' know yer don't have to git up!"

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Per dozen pints, \$1.50

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UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

A man who gits de reputashun of bein' dishonest will find de people chary of dealin' wid him, an' a man who am known to be upright can't trade mewls widout gittin' de wust of it. Dat 's probably de reason why so many of us am dodgin' between de two extremes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It is always an easy matter to reform the city—if you live in the country.
—*Ram's Horn*.

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

THE LANDLADY.—Sakes alive! I wonder if they'll be as prompt as this when their board bill's due.

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